

Title: And death can wait.

0:00 - 0:05 | Exposition:

A dark yet defiantly luxurious atmosphere fills the mansion. In a large bedroom, a frail 95-year-old man — the head of a vast business empire — lies on the bed. In the hallway outside, relatives crowd together. Their fake tragic expressions, nervous glances at their watches, and whispering make it clear: every one of them is waiting for the same thing — the inheritance. The only person genuinely crying in the corner is the old maid. A priest leans over the patriarch's bedside, giving him his final absolution.

0:05 - 0:10 | Inciting Incident:

At the very last moment, the old man whispers the name of his great-grandson. The priest steps out to the family and says, surprised: "He's asking for Henri." The mother — already dividing the empire in her mind — irritably calls her 12-year-old son over: "Go to your grandfather, quickly," then immediately returns to discussing the will.

0:10 - 0:15 | Rising Action:

The boy enters. The grandfather whispers something into his ear. The child's eyes widen. He spins around and bolts out of the room at full speed, rushing past the relatives. But they're too absorbed in arguing about "important matters" and business shares to notice him. His escape goes completely unnoticed.

0:15 - 0:22 | Chase (Action):

The boy races down the street on his bike, gasping for breath. He grabs an ice-cold can of Drink X from a store fridge, throws some coins on the counter, and speeds back, desperate to make it in time.

0:22 - 0:28 | Climax:

The boy bursts into the bedroom. A juicy pshhh! as the can opens. He helps his grandfather take a sip. Macro shots of bubbles exploding the gray reality with bright, electric energy.

0:28 - 0:30 | Twist & Escape Plan:

The effect kicks in. The boy stands there holding the half-finished can. The old man suddenly sits up, lively and sharp, gives the boy a mischievous smile, and signals with his eyes: time to sneak out through the back exit.

0:30 - 0:35 | Resolution:

Cut to the foyer. The relatives are practically yelling at each other over money. Suddenly, the hypocritical atmosphere is shattered by a deafening, furious engine roar. A vintage sports car shoots out of the garage, tires smoking. Flying past the frozen, pale relatives at full speed are the laughing great-grandson and the wild old man who has just left them all without an inheritance.

Slogan:
"And death can wait."